

Holt County Sentinel.

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY A. KLIPPEL, OREGON, HOLT COUNTY, MO.

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J. VANDERLINDE, Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Fine Liquors and Cigars.

J. H. NILES, Stoves and Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron work, northeast corner public square.

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M. WHITFIELD, Manufacturer, of and dealer in Stoves and Hardware, Whips, etc.

M. SMITH, Dry Goods, Groceries, General Stock, Highest price paid for grain and bacon.

N. J. KYGER, Fine Liquors, Cigars, Confectioneries, Next door to Price House.

FRANK COOK, Candles, Soap, Groceries, etc., Freed Hall's old stand, one door west City Hotel.

SAMUEL HILLS, General Blacksmith and Farrier, Always on hand, Work on shortest notice and at lowest rates.

KREMER, HERRSHMEYER, & Co., general stock, Dry Goods, Groceries, Cigars and Queensware, Clocks, etc., Produce brought.

DOTTER & HOSKETT, Staple and Fancy Groceries, Christmas Toys, Pocket and Table Cutlery, Flour and Meal, etc., promptly done.

F. & G. SEAMAN, Boot and Shoe Makers, North side public square.

S. & H. C. WATSON, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Cigars, Queensware, Notions, etc., Pastime building.

FRED SAAL, Barber and Hairdresser, Next door to Post Office.

W. H. STEPHEN, Dealers in Groceries, highest cash prices paid for Hides, Fur, and country produce of all kinds, N. W. Cor. Pub. Square.

PRICE HOUSE, Peter Price, Proprietor, West side Public Square.

CITY HOTEL, David Foster, Proprietor, Northeast corner Pub. Square.

DANIEL DAVID, Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Boots, Shoes, etc., Venetian public square.

W. M. BUNKER, Wagon, Carriage, and Flow Maker, Two doors east of City Hotel.

W. M. E. HILL, Nursery Stock, with side public square, Agent for E. P. Allen & Co. Oregon Orange plants. Price at nursery, \$2 per thousand.

A. HANSEN, Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, Shop, five doors west of Brick Block.

Merchants and Others—Forest City.

JAS. HAMILTON & Co., Manufacturers of Saddles, Harness, Bridles, etc., A general assortment in their always on hand, promptly done.

W. & J. W. ZOOK, Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Notions, House Furnishings, etc., Produce brought.

ACHIER & JOY, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Paints, and Liquors for Medical Purposes, Stationery.

W. H. WILLIAMS & Co., Dealers in Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, All kinds of custom work, promptly done.

G. C. & G. W. MAUCK, Forest City Flouring and Milling, Highest prices paid for Spring and Fall wheat.

TRUBETT & RICHARDSON, Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Cigars, Notions, House Furnishings, etc., Produce brought.

Merchants and Others—Corning.

JAS. HAMILTON & Co., Manufacturers of Saddles, Harness, Bridles, etc., A general assortment in their always on hand, promptly done.

FRANCIS S. HENSHART, Boot and Shoe Maker, A stock of custom made work on hand.

J. NOEL, Physician and Surgeon, Office at Residence.

CORNING HOUSE, now open for the accommodation of the public, CONRAD GRAB Proprietor.

L. J. SAUNDERS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Cigars, Notions, Furniture and country produce.

FRANK & HOBBS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Country produce brought.

ERIKKA SALOON, J. E. FILLER, Proprietor, Best of Liquors, Cigars, etc.

Merchants and Others—St. Joseph, Mo.

CANON & BARNES, Dealers in Staple Dry Goods, Produce brought and sold.

GRANT & SHERMAN HOUSE, now open for the accommodation of the public, GRANT, Proprietor.

C. SHIELDS, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Furniture and all kinds of country produce.

ERIKKA SALOON, J. E. FILLER, Proprietor, Best of Liquors, Cigars, etc.

P. HAYENPORT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Cigars, Notions, Furniture and country produce.

Professional—St. Joseph, Mo.

W. H. SHERMAN, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office Corner Public Square and Third Street, St. Joseph, Mo.

GEO. LYON, Michigan Lumber Yard, Cor. 4th and Main Streets, St. Joseph, Mo. Dealer in Pine Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Sash, Doors and Blinds.

PIANOS, Organs and Music, P. L. HUYAT & Son, Ninth North Street, St. Joseph, Mo.

GEORGE HILLER, Importer and Manufacturer of every variety of Undertaker's Goods at wholesale and retail, cor. of 4th and Charles Sts., St. Joe., Mo.

PERLEY & BAILEY, Wholesale Hardware, No. 5 Fourth Street, St. Joseph, Mo.

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VOLUME V.

OREGON, MISSOURI, JANUARY 21, 1870.

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How Robbie Ran Away, and What Became of it.

"There, Madge, it is finished!"

"Mrs. Carroll unconsciously drew a long tired breath, as she laid her work upon the rickety table, and leaning her aching head on her hand, and drew its rusty glow over the small figure bending before it."

"What a cheerless little voice in the world that answered."

"Then I'll light the coals right away and fill the kettle, for you are to have a cup of tea, you know—a real cup, strong and hot. The water will be boiling beautifully by the time I come back from carrying home the work. And I'll stop and buy a fresh loaf, and we'll have a splendid supper, won't we, Bobolink?"

"Little Rob, the three-year-old baby, clapped his chubby hands and broke into a gleeful shout. A bright flame leaped up in the rusty grate, and there its rusty glow over the small figure bending before it."

Whatever stray beams of warmth and brightness wandered into the poor little room, always found their way to the child, who had been akin to them, and played lovingly about her, as the fire-light did now. And not one was ever lost, if any for she treasured them all in her little warm heart and sent them out again, as if they were her own, and she would not let them be lost when her mother was so ill to sew, and Robbie fretted with cold and hunger."

Such a neat, home-like little figure she cut, willing hands! It was wonderful how much they could accomplish for Madge was only eight years old and small for her age."

She was ready to go out now, but, as she stood with her basket on her arm and her hand at the door, she felt, Robbie sprang to catch her skirt.

"Let Robbie go too, please, sister!"

Madge looked down into the pleading baby face.

"I think I might take him, mamma," she said thoughtfully. "It is so early yet, and Robbie can really walk quite fast—almost as fast as I—the darling!"

"You are sure you wouldn't lose him, Madge? The streets are so crowded."

"I don't know, O no, mamma! How could I? He will hold my hand tight; won't you, Bobolink?"

So the red scarf was wound about the round shoulders, and the little outgrowth crushed down over the bright curls; and after being held at arm's length for a moment, and then snatched back to be half smothered with kisses, the baby was pronounced quite ready.

"An' it's takin' out the baby that ye are?" said the Irish washerwoman, who lived at the end of the hall.

"Be careful of him, the darlin'!" May the Howly Mother bless his bright eyes, and his cheeks that glow like the roses in me owd father's garden."

The lame tailor who lived on the second floor sat sewing in his open door, with his crutches beside him, he stopped whistling "Auld Lang Syne," when he saw Madge, and called to her in a cheerful voice. A rose-tree, a marvel of buds and blossoms, grew in a broken pot on the dusty window-ledge. The poor tailor had neither wife nor child, and he loved the roses as if they were his own. He had something in the little girl's face touched him so deeply that he rose quickly, swung himself across the room and, cutting off a penny for Robbie, he shears the loveliest flower of all, he put it into her hand.

Madge could scarcely speak for ecstasy and, indeed he would not have left her, if he tossed a penny for Robbie, he shut the door. He could bear anything rather than thanks.

"How kind everybody is!" thought Madge, as she helped Robbie carefully down the last of the long flights of stairs which lead from their room to the heart of the crowded, noisy tenement-house down to the street, more noisy still.

A gentleman and lady were passing, just as the two children emerged from the street door. The lady stopped to look at Robbie.

"What a lovely child!" she said.

"Why, William, he would be almost as sweet as our Jamie, if he were dressed!"

At first Madge colored with pleasure but the last words made her lip tremble. She looked down at Robbie's little frock which she had thought so fresh and clean; but somehow she was aware that now but the patches in it. Then too, the little boot-toes were stubbed through, the scarf was faded, and the hat so small and worn. But the cloud lasted only a moment.

"I'm sure nothing could make him any prettier to me than he is now," she said to herself.

Robbie was wild with delight—he was so seldom in the street, and he shouted at the horses and carriages, and the gay dresses of the ladies, and wanted to stop so often before the bright shop-windows that Madge had hard work in getting him by the time they reached the baker's shop, on their way home. There were a great many customers, and the two children stood a long time waiting their turn. Robbie, who was so very impatient, but Madge tried to hold him tight. At last just as the baker's boy had given her the bread, and was exchanging her money, Madge saw the little fat fellow slip out of her grasp. At the same instant he was gone, and Robbie was left alone. At last a newsboy met her, with a package of papers under his arm.

"Here you, little girl!" shouted the baker's boy, quite roughly, for he was in a bad hurry; "if you want your change at all, take it now!"

Madge was in despair. She could not go home with the money to the poor, tired mother who had toiled so hard for it; and she could not keep it, for she was sure she could catch him in an instant. So she sprang back to snatch the change and then rushed breathlessly out. There quite on the street, how could she have found the wandering brother's hand? The short legs playing like drumsticks under it. Madge ran with all her strength but the crowd jostled her, and just before she reached the street corner, where Robbie had a few steps ahead of her, she was violently on the pavement. She picked herself up, regardless of pain; but the baby was nowhere to be seen. She gazed wildly up and down all in vain. There were so many directions, any one of which might he have taken; and oh, the crowded crossings, the tramping feet of the hurrying Madge shook her head to foot, and a low wall of despair forced itself up and died on her white lips. She ran aimlessly along playing every one she met with piteous questions. Some, shook her off with a frown or a harsh word, others answered kindly enough, but nobody could help her. At last a newsboy met her, with a package of papers under his arm.

"Look a here!" he said. "Was it a mighty little chap, with kinky hair and a red streamer?"

"Yes, yes!" gasped Madge.

"Well, he streaked it up there, I reckon, with a jerk of his thumb in the direction of a broad staircase which opened on the street just in advance of where they were standing."

Madge flashed one grateful glance, and went up as if on wings. There was a wide hall, with doors leading from it on each side. She rapped at the first one. Poor Madge! the beating of her heart was almost as loud as her knock.

"Come in!" said somebody's pleasant voice; and she threw open the door. A large airy room, with softly-tinted light streaming through the high windows; some pictures and sketches on the walls; pieces of unframed canvas, with their faces turned from curious eyes; an easel with a half-finished painting upon it; paint dishes, brushes, and easels scattered upon a table. But Madge had no eyes all there.

She saw only her lost darling—not one curl of his brown head harmed.

A tall gentleman, in an artist's blouse, held the little runaway on his knee.

"O, Bobolink!" sobbed Madge; and she dropped on her knees, and buried her face in the little patched frock.

By and by she lifted her head, the tears still trembling on her long, dark lashes, and his dewy lips raining repentant kisses on her cheek.

It is doubtful if any one—even Madge's mother—has ever before how wholly beautiful she was. There was a deep, golden gleam, the exquisitely rounded forehead, through whose transparent skin showed the delicate tracery of violet veins; the sensitive, perfect features; the soft arms wreathed about her neck, and his dewy lips raining repentant kisses on her cheek.

Yet the love and truth which the artist had revealed looked down from the canvas straight through all the obscurity of the picture, and looked into the very hearts of all who came to see. So the crowd passed by the studied attitudes and gorgeous colorings of many another painter, to learn of this one who spoke to the best in every man.

One day a stranger strolled from picture along the corridor—a lonely man, who, having left his native land in his boyhood, came back in his mature age to find himself forgotten and the home-world which he had left swallowed up in the inevitable march of years.

Suddenly before the modest canvas he stopped as if arrested by an electric shock invisible finger out of the unseen world, he was pulling at his heart strings. Bending the long grass of the singing summer meadows, picking brown nuts through the flaming autumn woods, his little dark-eyed sister held him back once more. Surely it was she—the same laughing girl who smiled a good-bye through her tears long ago.

Stronger and stronger the strange grew upon him. It must be her face; no modeling could so perfectly paint such another.

He went away; but the picture haunted his dreams. At last, driven by an impulse not to be resisted, he sought out the man who had left, and heard of the slender story, which was all he had to tell of his childhood.

"Be quiet, Robbie darling. Mamma's head is so much worse to-day. Sit down to your little chair, and sister will tell you a story."

"No, no! Robbie don't want a story! Robbie so hungry!"

Poor little Madge! In all this long week of her mother's illness, her brave heart had been so full of anxiety, she tried to smile and speak cheerfully, but something in her throat choked her, and her voice died out in a great sob.

There was a heavy step in the passage-way. Somebody knocked at the door.

"It's Mr. Eastman, the rent," thought Madge, and her heart gave a wild throb of terror.

Robbie ran to open the door.

A gentleman, dressed there, not Mr. Eastman—who scanned her with eager, questioning eyes.

"Are you little Madge Carroll?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, wondering.

"I am Madge, and this is Robbie. Poor mamma is very sick."

The sound of his voice aroused Mrs. Carroll from the light slumber in which she had lain, she raised herself upon her arm, and listened with an air of perplexity, as if to some sound very far away.

"Where am I?" she murmured. "I thought I had fallen home the cows from the water!"

The stranger started and came nearer to the bed, gazing intently upon the thin, worn face, bright with the restless flush of fever, the eyes met. Gradually the soft light of returning consciousness. The two hearts reached, by the omnipotence of love, over all the changes of fear and fortune, and recognize their kinship.

"John!"

"Margaret!"

"That was all; and for a little while there was a happy silence, broken by no word."

Not long afterwards, around their Christmas tree a happy household gathered. The mother's cheek has glowed almost the bloom and roundness of her lost youth, and the wandering brother's heart is bound the sweet persuasion of home and love. Madge and Robbie fulfill, with each year's growth, the sweet promise of their earlier childhood.

And from the artist's wall still smiles the picture which first brought him name and fame. He will not sell it; for it marks the date of a warmer sympathy with the joy and sorrow of the world, and therefore a truer consecration to his art.

THE MAN WHO DON'T ADVERTISE.—Has got his store hung all over with shingles and pieces of barrel head inserted with "Irish Potatoes," "Korn Meal," "Flour," "A well-killed country produce," "Walker and Kaudler For Sale here," painted with lampblack. He says, "That ain't no sense in noisier advertisement, so long as a man is smart enough to tend to his own business, and let him stand in the door and holler the fellows in."

Exchange.

FOR FARMERS, AND OTHERS.

DON'T CUT DOWN YOUR NUT TREES.

The *Pacific Farmer* devotes a column on "nut," in the course of which it says: "What wild grass is to horses and cattle, that is nut to swine. Throughout the entire Northwest, nuts are the untold value to hogs. They may be hard for the human stomach to digest, but swine are not indigestive. The fame of the Westphalia hams is owing largely to the fact that the animals are fed on nuts." And in connection with many facts bearing upon the subject, suggests that, inasmuch as it is the part of wisdom to take advantage of the productions that nature gives us without toil, Western farmers should refrain from destroying nut bearing trees, and when the words or sentences which are read in a new field is to be appropriated to forest growth.

It will soon be time to think about making hot-beds for starting early plants. Glass is so cheap that few farmers can afford to neglect this. For covering the frames, but there are cheaper materials that will answer very well, besides being more speedily prepared. One of the best materials for covering hot-beds is glass, which is common in the form of broken panes. These panes may be obtained with the following composition: Take one quart of linseed oil, one ounce of sugar of lead, and three or four ounces of resin. Pulverize the sugar of lead in a little oil, then add the resin, and mix thoroughly. Put all into an iron kettle and heat it until the resin is dissolved and the other ingredients are thoroughly mixed, stretch the muslin upon the frames, and apply the composition with a brush. The muslin will last for several years, if kept under cover when not in use.—*Heath and Home.*

THE EARLY FROSTS TEACH.

The early frosts have taught some lessons worth remembering. They have shown us that the cold weather is not so bad as we thought it was. They have shown us that the cold weather is not so bad as we thought it was. They have shown us that the cold weather is not so bad as we thought it was.

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